

THE
KINGS
MAIESTIES
SPEECH,
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It was delivered the second of *November*
before the *Vniversity* and City of
OXFORD.

TOGETHER

With a gratulatory Replication expressed
by that learned Man Doctor *Wil-*
liam Strode, Orator for the
famous Vniversity of
OXFORD.



First printed at Oxford, and now re-printed at
London, 1642.

THE KING'S MAJESTIES SPEECH

AS

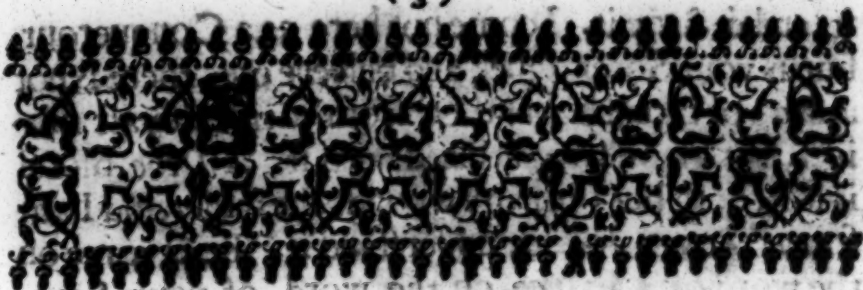
It was delivered the second of January
before the Lords and Commons
OF GREAT BRITAIN

TOGETHER

With a supplementary Replication
by that learned Man Doctor
James Stowe, Oration for the
Honour of the University of
OXFORD.



First printed at Oxford, and now re-printed at
London, 1642.



The Kings Maiesties Speech.

As it was delivered the second of November,
before the Vniversity of Oxford.

TOGETHER

With a gratulatory Replication expressed by the
V learned Man Doctor *William Strode*, Orator
for the famous Vniversity of
OXFORD.



T brings great comfort unto me, that
I am now almost in the heart of my
Kingdome; and it brings more com-
fort unto me, that I am now in the
hearts of my subiects. I would to
God we had all one heart in earnest, that so neither
my Kingdomes should suffer, nor I complaine. You
see what is daily committed against me (who am in-
deed the father of your Countrey) and I am most so-
ry, that any part of my Kingdome should owe those
subiects (who in pretence of religion) should lament

it, and destroy it. I come not here as a Conquerour, but as your Sovereigne, and beleeve me, there is not a drop of blood hath fallen from a true loyall subject, but I have sympathized with it. All the blood is lost, doth but open my wounds the wider, and I am sorry that you doe not understand it. Beleeve me on the word of a Prince, on the word of your Sovereigne, there is nothing more deare unto me then Religion, the Religion of my Father and the Royall Queene his predecessor, a religion which ever from her owne flames hath arised more pure, and multiplied. This is my businesse to you, in which I hope I shall satisfie both God and you. And since I have left the warre behinde me, take peace and the day whic you see it, I see the clouds make hast to overcome it. The Scepter is and must bee mine, Vnre your selves to maintaine so honourable, so iust a cause, and what one hand cannot infringe, let many maintaine: You have God for your cause, you have me for his second, and since both are together, who can oppose us? You have seen the first and second victory, which the iustice and mercy of God hath bene pleased to bestow upon me. In the first we have taken prisoners and slaughtered the chiefest of their men, which was the sinewes of victory. In the second, we have taken all their treasures, which is the sinewes of warre. Warre and Victory, Victory and Warre; and since the first is come unto us by necessity, I hope the second will bee devolved to us as an inheritance.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen, my heart doth bleed to see the losse
 of so many of my people, and where warre cannot
 preuaile upon me, piety hath done. I bleed in your
 wounds, and am much overcome to heare my selfe
 a Conquerour. Give me your hearts, and preserve
 your owne blouds. The heart of a Prince is kept
 warme with the blood of his subiects: the blood of
 the subiects being not to be preserved, were it not
 loyally entertained into the heart of the Prince. The
 movings of my Lord of Essex, did never trouble mee,
 I have offered my selfe in a quiet and inoffensive
 march, which I have found as open as it was in my
 progresse.

I have indeavoured after a desired reconciliation,
 and I hope ere many daies passe over, to see it accom-
 plished. It shall be a great happinesse unto mee, if
 through the many troubles and trauailes of my
 life, I can distill at last the Sovereigne Balme of
 peace into the desperate wounds of my distracted
 Kingdome.

See Royall King, how Oxford beuicous in her age,
 with kinde, making teares of ioy & sacrifice, and
 begging to be protected from threatened ruine. Shall
 the Spring of learning be dam'd up, while ymo-
 rales loose and rend the Muses Garlande, as
 would both contemne and destroy Schoollers: For no
 learning can be taught here, unless it be the ignorant
 Your Royall Majesty is by descent, a protector of
 learning, and borne (as your Father was) to be the
 glory

*The Speech of the Vniuersity Orator to gratulate his
Majesties comming unto Oxford.*

High words cannot reach the ioy that your pre-
sence hath created in our hearts, which doe blesse
our eyes for so desired an object. Learning doth ac-
knowledge the mercy of Heaven in bringing your
Majesty to give voyce to the dumbe Academy, and
renue the Muses, slaine by that *Briareus* of igno-
rance, which breathes nothing but Religions destru-
ction. Our *Oxford* hath now throwne off all clouds
of discontents, and stands cleare, guided by the
beames of your Majesties Royall presence. The bur-
den cast on me, is my ioy, or rather the ioy of the A-
cademy, extraide into a learned amazement, and rap-
tured into speech to see your Majesty. All gratu-
lation cannot comply with our thoughts, to shew
the pleasure our fancie takes to behold your Majesty.
See Royall King, how *Oxford*, beauteous in her age,
doth kneele, making teares of ioy a Sacrifice, and
begging to be protected from threatned ruine. Shall
the Spring of learning bee dam'd up? while igno-
rance doth teare and rend the Muses Garlands, as
would both contemne and destroy Schollers: For no
enemy can learning have, unlesse it bee the ignorant.
Your Royall Majesty is by descent, a protector of
learning, and borne (as your Father was) to bee the
glory

glory and defender of the Muses. This may strongly invite your love, wherein wee are already happy in some degrees. But wee feare a malignant enemy should violate our cleare *Minerva*, and banish from her both mainrenance and glory. Pure zeale doth make them seeke with one blow to destroy both learning and Religion, now bleeding and wounding by schismaticall heads, and expecting cure from your Royal Majesty. Yet our feares are great, and grounded upon the unhappy fate of learning, which is despised of precise Schollers that weare black onely to mourne for the decease of learning. But ioy cannor imagine the time discreet for a iust reproofe, and therefore I must tell what pleasure doth refresh and water our thirsty Garden, rather then complaine of scorching heate of persecution. Our memory must not be active in striving to manifest sorrow incompatible with our present ioy. Enlarge thy selfe therefore *Oxford*: and let not any grieve so blinde thy heart to a stupid peace, but let loud gratulations wound the aire with reporting

welcome to our Gracious King.
CHARLES.

(7)
glory and defender of the Mute. This may strongly
inveigh your love, wherein we are already happy in
some degree. But we have a malignant enemy
should violate our cleare names, and banish
from her both maintenance and glory. Pure zeale
doth make them teele with one blow to destroy both
learning and Religion, now bleeding and wounding
by schismaticall heads, and expecting cure from your
Royal Majesty. Yet our teares are great, and growne

~~to a flood, which we cannot drye up, but only to
behold of precise scholars that were blacke onely to
mourne for the decaye of learning. But joy cannot
imagine the time distant for a just reproofe, and~~

*This reported by men of good credit and authority in
the Citie of Oxford, and by those who with a watch-
full eye have beeheld all his Actions, that Prince Ro-
bert keeps his Souldiers in good Discipline, neither
suffering any disorders committed by him, as a common
soldier.*

therefore Oxford; and let not any gricke to
thy heart to a stupid pace, but let loud gratu-
lations wound the aire with reporting

~~of his good actions, which we cannot drye up, but only to
behold of precise scholars that were blacke onely to
mourne for the decaye of learning. But joy cannot
imagine the time distant for a just reproofe, and~~

